THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, Auguſt 18, 1800.

BENEVOLENCE *on* CRUTCHES.

[From Mr. Parkinſon's late Publication entitled "Dangerous Sports, a Tale, addreſſed to Children."]

LAME MILLSON lived in a little hut he had partly built and partly dug for himſelf, out of the ſide of a high and craggy mountain, near to a bye-road in the weſt of England. One very dreadful evening in December, when the ſharp cold wind drove the ſnow and ſleet in at the cracks of the window, and under the door, poor Millſon, who was buſy in making up his fire, with the bits of dead wood he had gathered off the heath the day before, thought he heard, between the guſts of wind, the faint cries of ſome one in deep diſtreſs. Now poor lame Millſon wore a patched, but clean, drab coat; he alſo uſed crutches, and was deformed in his ſhape; he therefore hardly ever went to the neighbouring village without being hooted, and even pelted at by the boys; but they little knew how good a creature they abuſed. He liſtened again, and thought the noiſe leſſened; but was more convinced it was a fellow-creature, in pain and mifery. That was enough for him, he ſnatched up his crutches, and opened the door; he then could hear the cries ſo plain as to be able to tell, that they proceeded from the ſide of the road, at a little diſtance from his poor hovel.

He ſet off therefore as faſt as he could, and when he arrived at the ſpot he found a little boy weltering in blood, which had ſtained the ſnow around him. "Come, my little man (ſaid he), let me lift you up, that you may walk to

my houſe; and there I'll be your nurſe." But alas! the poor fellow could not ſpeak, nor had he power to move; and when Millſon laid hold of his hand, he found it as cold as ice; his cries too had now entirely ſtopped, ſo that the old man concluded, if he was not already dead, he muſt certainly die in a very little time. He therefore tried repeatedly to raiſe him, but all in vain; for as his crutches required both hands, he was unable to carry him, although he could raiſe him with one hand, whilſt he ſupported himſelf by leaning on his crutch with the other.

What could he now do? There ſeemed to be no hopes of getting the poor boy to his fire-ſide. But the compaſſionate man will always contrive means to help a fellow-creature; and Millſon was not one who would let a trifle hinder him from doing a good action. So he returned with all the ſpeed his crutches could give him, and got back to his hut. There, out of one corner he took a rope, and tied its two ends to the upper part of the back of a chair; he then ſlipped the middle part, over his head, on to his cheſt, where, to prevent its ſlipping lower, he tied it to his button, with a piece of packthread; and then ſet off again as faſt as he could, dragging the chair behind him.

But when he came to the poor boy, he no longer moaned, nor could he find that he even breathed. Now was the heart of poor Millſon almoſt broken—"Ah, dear fellow," ſaid he, "how happy ſhould I have been to have ſaved your life, but as it is, you ſhall not lay here all night;" and ſtooping down, he, with ſome difficulty, got him placed in the chair, which he very carefully drew back to his hut.

He now lighted a candle, and looked at the poor boy till the tears ran down his cheeks; and had juſt began to exclaim "Poor fellow!" when he thought he ſaw his cheſt move. He wiped his eyes with the ſkirt of his coat, and looked again; and now exclaimed, "Mercy on me he does breathe." The tears now ran down his cheeks faſter than ever; but theſe were tears of joy: his delight was almoſt more than his heart could bear. He hopped about his little cavern, happier than an Emperor ever was in this world.

With much labour, he placed him on his bed on the ground—for poor Millſon lay on the ground. He then warmed a little milk, and with a tea-ſpoon poured a little into his mouth; and could you but have ſeen how he hung over him, with his eyes fixed on him, his mouth half open, every feature motionleſs, ſtill as a ſtatue—all his ſenſes ſeemed to be employed in watching whether he ſwallowed or not.

He

He did ſwallow; and the happineſs of Millſon was even greater than it was before.

He now waſhed his face, and when he had removed the blood, he found a wound on the forehead, from which the blood yet flowed. This he ſoon ſtopped, and dreſt the wound in the beſt manner he was able. He then got off his clothes and put him into the bed; rubbing and chafing his cold limbs between whiles, and frequently putting a little of the warm milk into his mouth. Thus he attended him all night.

As the morning began to dawn, Millſon watched at the window in hopes to ſee ſome paſſenger; for, thought he, the parents of this dear child are now, I dare ſay, almoſt diſtracted, and he cannot yet ſpeak to tell me where they live. He had watched ſome time, when he ſaw a pedlar paſſing by, whom he called in; and after aſking where he was going to, he begged him to mention at a houſe or two, of the neareſt villages he paſſed through, that a poor little wounded boy lay in his cottage.

Soon after this the little boy awaked, and was not a little ſtartled at ſeeing his ſtrange bed-room and nurſe. "Where am I," ſaid he, "and pray Sir, who are you?" addreſſing Millſon. "My dear," he anſwered "you are in the hut of one who is proud to wait on you." "Thank, you, Sir," ſaid he, "but pray how came I here, and this blood too?"—"Be ſtill, my dear," ſaid Millſon, "I believe you had a fall. I laſt night found you on the ſide of the road; but pray what is your name?" "George Henneth," he anſwered, and at this moment Mr. Henneth, who lived at a neat white houſe built almoſt adjoining to the venerable ruins of a caſtle, juſt out of a village about two miles diſtance, came with his ſervant, both on horſeback, to ſee whether it was his ſon, who had been miſſing ever ſince about duſk the evening before. As ſoon as he had alighted, he ran into the cavern, where he ſaw his ſon ſtretched on the bed, and old Millſon very buſily attending him.

After careſſing his child, and ſhewing his gratitude to Millſon, Mr. Henneth enquired of him the particular circumſtances which had thus brought his ſon under his protection; but Millſon could only relate to him the particulars of his finding him bleeding at the ſide of the road the evening before. Any enquiry of the child was not only uſeleſs, but even dangerous; for he was already ſo faint from the loſs of blood he had ſuſtained, and ſo overcome with delight at the ſight of his father, that he was now unable to ſpeak: ſo that

how he came where Millſon found him, ſtill remained a myſtery.

Finding him in ſo weak a ſtate, Mr. Henneth concluded it would not be ſafe to remove him, until he had obtained the advice of his ſurgeon; for whom he directly ſent his ſervant, he returning home himſelf, to acquaint Mrs. Henneth with the diſcovery he had made. On his return to Millſon's hut, or rather cavern, in the rock, he was ſoon joined by the ſurgeon, who was beginning to examine the child's head, when he ſaid, "I perceive, Sir, it has been dreſſed by a ſurgeon, and with ſo much propriety, that a removal of the dreſſings is at preſent unneceſſary; as the gentleman who has dreſſed it can furniſh us with an account of the ſize and nature of the wound." "Here," ſaid Mr. Henneth, "then is that gentleman," pointing to old Millſon. The ſurgeon turned round, aſtoniſhed; and was ſtill more ſo, when Millſon gave him ſuch an account of the injury the child had ſuffered, and of the treatment he had adopted, as proved that he poſſeſſed a conſiderable degree of ſurgical knowledge. But how this poor old man, living in this ſtrange dwelling came by his knowledge, neither of them preſumed to aſk. The ſurgeon only ſaid, from the account he had received, he had no doubt but the child muſt ſoon have periſhed, but for the aſſiſtance he had received; and that he ſaw no reaſon why he might not be removed home in any eaſy carriage.

This was accordingly done; but for the ſake of brevity, we will paſs over Mr. and Mrs Henneth's care and anxiety, the daily viſits of enquiry made by Millſon, and the gratitude expreſſed by George, for the old gentleman in the rock, who had ſaved his life; and bring you to the end of about a fortnight, when his recovery was ſo far accompliſhed, that Mr. Henneth ventured to enquire of him, as Millſon ſat by his bed-ſide, what he knew about the accident that had happened to him.

Remarkable Adventure of General Putnam.

[From a Hiſtory of America]

SOON after Mr. Putnam removed to Connecticut, the wolves, then very numerous, broke into his ſheep-fold, and killed ſeventy fine ſheep and goats, beſides wounding many lambs and kids. This havock was committed by a ſhe-wolf,

ſhe-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for ſeveral years infeſted the vicinity. The young were commonly deſtroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too ſagacious to come within reach of gun ſhot; upon being cloſely purſued ſhe would generally fly to the weſtern woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps. This wolf at length became ſuch an intolerable nuiſance, that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbours, to hunt alternately till they could deſtroy her. Two by rotation were to be conſtantly in purſuit. It was known that having loſt the toes from one foot by a ſteel trap, ſhe made one track ſhorter than the other. By this veſtige the purſuers recognized in a light ſnow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found ſhe had turned back in a direct courſe towards Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten the next morning the blood hounds had driven her into a den about three miles diſtant from the houſe of Mr. Putnam; the people ſoon collected with dogs, guns, ſtraw, fire, and ſulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus ſeveral unſucceſsful efforts were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back badly wounded, and refuſed to return. The ſmoke of blazing ſtraw had no effect, nor did the fumes of burnt brimſtone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement. Wearied with ſuch fruitleſs attempts (which had brought the time to ten o'clock at night) Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain; he propoſed to his negro man to go down into the cavern and ſhoot the wolf—the negro declined the hazardous ſervice. Then it was that Mr. Putnam, angry at the diſappointment, and declaring that he was aſhamed to have a coward in his family, reſolved himſelf to deſtroy the ferocious beaſt, leſt ſhe ſhould eſcape through ſome unknown fiſſure of the rock. His neighbours ſtrongly remonſtrated againſt the perilous enterprize; but he knowing that wild animals were intimidated by fire, and having provided ſeveral ſtrips of birch bark, the only combuſtible material which he could obtain, that would afford light in this deep and darkſome cave, prepared for his deſcent. Having accordingly diveſted himſelf of his coat and waiſtcoat, and having a long rope faſtened round his legs, by which he might be pulled back at a concerted ſignal, he entered head foremoſt, with the blazing torch in his hand!

The aperture of the den on the eaſt ſide of a very high ledge of rocks is about two feet ſquare; from thence it

deſcends

deſcends obliquely fifteen feet, then running horizontally ten more, it aſcends gradually ſixteen feet towards its termination. The ſides of this ſubterraneous cavity are compoſed of ſmooth ſolid rocks, which ſeem to have been divided from each other by ſome earthquake. The top and bottom are alſo of ſtone, and the entrance in winter being covered with ice is exceedingly ſlippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to raiſe himſelf upright, nor in any part more than three feet in width.

Having groped his paſſage to the horizontal part of this den, the moſt terrifying darkneſs appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was ſilent as the houſe of death. None but monſters of the deſert had ever before explored this ſolitary manſion of horror. He cautiouſly proceeding onward, came to the aſcent, which he ſlowly mounted on his hands and knees, until he diſcovered the glaring eye-balls of the wolf, who was ſitting at the extremity of the cavern. Startled at the ſight of fire, ſhe gnaſhed her teeth, and gave a ſullen growl! As ſoon as he had made the neceſſary diſcovery he kicked the rope, as a ſignal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had liſtened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and ſuppoſing their friend to be in the moſt imminent danger, drew him forth with ſuch celerity, that his ſhirt was ſtripped over his head, and his ſkin ſeverely lacerated. After he had adjuſted his clothes and loaded his gun with nine buck ſhot, holding a torch in one hand and the muſket in the other, he deſcended a ſecond time. When he drew nearer than before, the wolf aſſuming a ſtill more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, ſnapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude and on the point of ſpringing at him. At the critical inſtant he levelled and fired at her head. Stunned with the ſhock and ſuffocated with the ſmoke, he immediately found himſelf drawn out of the cave. But having refreſhed himſelf, and permitted the ſmoke to diſſipate, he went down the third time. Once more he came within ſight of the wolf, who appearing very paſſive, he applied the torch to her noſe, and perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears, and then kicking the rope (ſtill tied round his legs) the people above, with no ſmall exultation, dragged them both out together!

PETER PARTICULAR's VISIT *to* LONDON.

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

A FEW days ſince, my friend Peter Particular arrived in London, which he had not viſited during the laſt twenty years. As he knew not where to lodge, and I had not the means of accommodating him in my own houſe, he had previouſly written me a letter requeſting me to engage for him a lodging for a month, which was the term that he intended to ſpend in the metropolis. All that he deſired was that it ſhould be in a neat clean houſe in a quiet part of the town, and that the family ſhould ſupply him with board as well as lodging. I found all that was required in St. George's-Fields; and, on his arrival, he was very well pleaſed with the choice which I had made. But on the enſuing morning, he wrote me the following note:

"My dear friend, the ſtreet in front is indeed quiet. But there is a misfortune which we had not foreſeen—the rear is intolerable noiſy. I have not ſhut my eyes for a moment during the whole night. Directly behind ſtands a public-houſe, the reſort of a vociferous club—in ſhort, a perfect Hell. Scarcely had the ſongs and the encores and the drumming on the tables ceaſed, when ſome neighbouring cocks began to crow, and continued their reſponſive notes till broad day-light. After the muſic of the chanticleers, came that of the ſervants and waiters, tumbling about chairs and benches, rattling the pewter pots, and romping and ſhouting, ſo that, to this moment, I have not enjoyed one wink of ſleep. I therefore entreat that you will come to me this morning, and help me to find another lodging: for, without your guidance, I ſhould be loſt in the ſtreets of London."

I immediately repaired to my friend's lodging, and we proceeded to our ſearch. Before he ventured into the open air, he inquired whether the morning were cold. On my informing him that the air was ſomewhat ſharp, he put on his great coat, and ſeemed ſurpriſed that I had come without mine. He commended me for hardening myſelf againſt the inclemencies of the weather, and expreſſed great regret that the delicacy of his own conſtitution obliged him to uſe all thoſe precautions; though—between you and me, Sir—I do not believe that he has ever tried to diſpenſe with them.

We had proceeded as far as Ludgate-hill, when, the mid-day ſun darting his powerful rays, I perceived that my friend Particular was nearly overpowered by his heavy great coat.

"I feel

" I feel extremely warm," ſaid he: " but I am not ſorry for it. I have, in this curſed journey to London, caught more than one cold, which lurks hatching within me: and this profuſe perſpiration will infallibly carry off the germ of the miſchief which might otherwiſe enſue."

Arrived in the vicinity of Whitechapel, we found a neat-looking houſe with a bill on the window. We entered; and my friend Particular, who was all in a ſtream, requeſted permiſſion in the firſt place to ſit for a while by the fire. Having carefully ſhut the doors of the apartment, he ſat quietly during a conſiderable time until he had gradually recovered from his perſpiration, and thought that he might ſafely venture into an uninhabited room. Unfortunately the lodging had not been occupied ſince it had been freſh painted: and Mr. Particular, who, above all things, dreads the ſmell of paint, immediately quitted the houſe without further inquiry. On his way down ſtairs, he aſſured me that he had once contracted a tedious illneſs by croſſing a river in a boat newly painted in oil.

On quitting the houſe, we were at a loſs which way to direct our ſearch, when, by pure accident, I perceived a friend of mine, with whom I had a moment's converſation. Having informed him of our diſtreſsful embarraſsment, he told me that he could ſave us all further trouble; for that, on the preceding evening, he had been in a houſe where he had ſeen apartments that could not fail to pleaſe us. The deſcription which he gave of the ſituation quite charmed my friend Peter; and we inſtantly ſet out on our journey to the ſpot, which lay near Edgeware road.

From Whitechapel to Edgeware road is no trifling walk: and we had not yet proceeded half way when Mr. Particular was again in a ſtate of perſpiration ſufficient to " carry off the germ" of all the colds in London. He wiſhed his great coat any where except on his back, and was actually preparing to take it off and carry it under his arm, when we luckily came to the houſe of a perſon with whom I was acquainted. I knocked at the door, and requeſted the ſervant to take charge of the great coat until my friend Particular ſhould ſend for it.

Having reached the ſpot that had been pointed out to us, Peter was delighted with the ſituation, made his bargain without a moment's delay, and promiſed to enter his new lodgings that very evening; which he accordingly did, to his very great ſatisfaction and mine; he hoping to be now accommodated according to his deſire, and I thanking God that

I had at length ſucceeded in procuring for my friend a comfortable night's ſleep.

Early on the next morning I received a meſſage from Mr. Particular, requeſting me to go and breakfaſt with him. I had intended to employ my forenoon in a different manner: yet I did not chooſe to decline the invitation: for we muſt occaſionally make ſome ſacrifices to our friends, eſpecially when the time they are to ſpend with us is ſhort.

"My dear friend," ſaid he, as ſoon as I made my appearance, "I am the moſt unfortunate of men."

"What now? What new cauſe of uneaſineſs?"

"I muſt change my lodgings again, and this very day."

"In God's name, what has happened? Have the family behaved improperly to you? Have you been inſulted, robbed, cheated?"

"No, my friend: nothing of all that. The lady of the houſe is as polite and obliging as poſſible: her huſband is all day out on buſineſs: but the room directly over my bedchamber contains a nurſe and child: and the motion of the cradle—rock, rock, rock, the whole night—My dear friend! a child and peace cannot dwell together under the ſame roof—A night or two more of this kind, and I'm a dead man. I have not yet ſlept one quarter of an hour ſince my arrival in London: ſo, let us quickly expedite our breakfaſt: and, for Heaven's ſake, do once more aſſiſt me in finding a lodging before night."

Our tea and our muffins being quickly diſpatched, we ſallied forth on our ſearch, and continued to examine and inquire in the neighbourhood. As we walked along, Mr. Particular obſerved to me, that, while lying awake during the preceding night under the rocking of the cradle, he had recalled to mind a remark formerly made by a friend of his, a man well acquainted with the metropolis. It was, that a perſon ought always to lodge in the uppermoſt ſtory in London, as being the only mean of breathing pure air: To which my friend Peter added, that he verily believed it was the only expedient which could inſure a night's ſleep; "For," ſaid he, "I hope the people do not here, any more than in the country, rock their brats in the cradle on the roof of the houſe."

Tedious and difficult was our ſearch for apartments which ſhould at once unite neatneſs and cleanlineſs with proximity to the roof. There were many upper rooms which he would not even deign to look at. Here he ſaw a tinman in the neighbourhood, from whoſe hammer he dreaded an unceaſing din.

din. There a tallow-chandler alarmed his fears: for there is nothing which he ſo much deteſts as the vile odour of the melting tallow and kitchen ſtuff. In another quarter he ſhuddered at the ſight of a carpenter's workſhop:—not only noiſe, he ſaid, but the additional chance of being broiled alive in his bed, if any careleſs ſervant or apprentice ſhould happen to drop a ſpark among the ſhavings.

In one inſtance, we were on the point of entering a houſe, when he ſtarted back in affright on obſerving that the knocker of the neighbouring door was muffled. "Don't you ſee?" he exclaimed—"There is ſomebody ſick in that houſe! Heavens! ſhall I run the riſk of carrying back with me from London a putrid fever, or the Lord knows what—and ſpreading a peſtilence over the whole county?" Elſewhere, a houſe appeared too new for the plaſtering to be properly dry: Farther on, the building was too old, and might, he feared, be blown down while he lay aſleep in his bed. At length we found what he wanted—a neat, clean, lightſome, airy upper floor, where neither pewter pots, nor cradles, nor tinmen, nor tallow-chandlers, nor carpenters, could annoy him—where the plaſtering was perfectly dry, and the houſe, only five years built, in no danger of tumbling about his ears.

His bargain was ſoon made, and Peter ſaid to me, with an air of ſatisfaction, "I am now ſuited to my wiſh. I thank you, my dear friend, for the trouble you have taken. Come dine with me to-morrow, and ſee how different a man you'll find me after I have enjoyed one comfortable ſleep, which I have not yet been able to taſte ſince my arrival in London."

We parted, both very well pleaſed. But, as I was on my way homeward, a new ſubject of uneaſineſs ſtarted up in my mind. "It is true," ſaid I within myſelf, "my friend Particular has not here to dread any of the uſual inconveniences. But he ſleeps next to the roof; and unfortunately we never once recollected the nightly concerts of cats, or thought of inquiring whether any of thoſe animals were kept in the neighbourhood."

The next day, as I went to dine with him, my ears rang in fancy with the caterwaulings of a ſcore of muſical grimalkins: I had already reſigned myſelf to my fate, and made up my mind to ſpend the entire evening with him in queſt of a new lodging. But, conceive, Sir, how great my ſurpriſe, when, on my entrance, he approached me with a ſmiling countenance, told me that he was at length accommodated

modated to his ſatisfaction, that he would not exchange his preſent habitation for the beſt apartment in Buckingham-houſe, that he had now no other care than to accompliſh the objects of his journey, to ſee his acquaintance, write his letters, &c. &c.—I was the more pleaſed to hear this declaration, as I had been invited to ſpend ſome days in the country, and could now enjoy the ſociety of my rural friends, without feeling any anxiety on his account.

The next morning I ſat out for Kent, whence, after a week's viſit, I returned yeſterday morning. Immediately on my arrival I wiſhed to obtain intelligence concerning my friend Peter Particular: for which purpoſe I went ſtraight to his lodgings. But I was too late: the bird was flown; and I found the lady of the houſe very much incenſed againſt him. "He did not," ſaid ſhe, "ſtay above two days with us. He abruptly quitted his lodgings, under pretence that my ſon learns to play on the violin—that he plays out of tune from morn till night—that his muſic-maſter does not play better than his pupil—and that he, Mr. Particular, would rather ſtand to be flogged at a whipping-poſt, than condemned to live in the ſame houſe with a learner on the violin eternally ſcraping the cat-gut."

"Pray, Madam, can you inform me where he is gone to lodge?"

She gave me his addreſs. He had removed to Tottenham-court-road. I repaired to the ſpot, and inquired for Mr. Particular. He was gone! "How!" ſaid I—"Has he moved again?"

"On the ſecond day after his coming to the houſe, we had a waſhing: and you know, Sir, ſuch things muſt be done in a family. But Mr. Particular declared that he would not conſent to live among waſher-women, and that he could not endure the abominable ſteam of the ſuds. In ſhort, Sir, he has taken a new lodging."—"Where?"—"In St. John's-ſtreet, Iſlington-road."

To St. John's-ſtreet I went. I found the place where he had lodged: but himſelf I did not find: he had again removed. In the adjoining houſe lived an accoucheur: people frequently miſtook the door, and, by plying the knocker and the bell, kept poor Mr. Particular awake more than half the night. I received a direction to his new habitation. It was at Brompton; but, as the evening was far advanced, and I felt myſelf a good deal fatigued, I thought beſt to defer my viſit till the next morning. I returned home, where, on my entrance, the firſt object that met my ſight was Mr. Peter

Particular in perſon, who was come with his trunks and portmanteaus to take refuge with me.

"Ah! my good friend!" ſaid he to me in a mournful tone—"what a dreadful place this London is! I know not yet where to lay my head: and you muſt give me one night's lodging."

"With great pleaſure. You ſhall have my own bed."

"By no means!—I will ſleep here in this little parlour—A mattreſs, a carpet, any thing, will ſatisfy me—Only, do, for God Almighty's ſake, afford me a ſhelter until I can find a ſituation to my liking.—A curſed watch-houſe has driven me from my laſt habitation. Every hour and half hour, thoſe roaring ruffians, the watchmen, bawled out the time of the night, as if trying who ſhould make the moſt noiſe. On my ſoul, I do not think that Ulyſſes himſelf with the waxen plaſters on his ears could ſleep ſo near the raſcals.—I am quite ruined for want of reſt.—I could not ſtand my ground a ſecond night, and have been obliged to fly. To-morrow morning early I ſhall renew my ſearch: and I make no doubt that I ſhall be able to accommodate myſelf before night."

I was obliged to ſubmit. But the morrow is come: it is already evening; and he has not yet found apartments entirely to his liking. Indeed I begin to fear that the entire month which he intended to ſpend in London will have completely elapſed before he can find a lodging to ſuit him in all points. Meantime he has taken up his quarters in my back parlour, where he is very little at his eaſe, and incommodes me very much: whereas, if he had been willing to ſubmit to the trifling inconveniences of his firſt lodging, he would before this time have been reconciled to them, might have ſeen his friends, might have terminated his buſineſs, would enjoy peace himſelf, and ſuffer me to enjoy it likewiſe.

I am, Mr. Editor, your's, &c.

SIMON SOFTLY.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT *of a* SLEEP-WALKER.

IT is wonderful that this unaccountable habit is not more frequently the occaſion of melancholy accidents. On the contrary, perſons liable to it have often been known to walk through very intricate and dangerous places with the greateſt ſafety.

The following remarkable account of a ſleep-walker may perhaps not be unacceptable to ſome of our readers. It is taken

taken from the Vignuel Marvillian of Noel Bonaventure d'Argonne.

One of my friends (ſays the author) having invited me to paſs a few days in the country, I accepted his offer, and met with much good company, and ſeveral perſons of diſtinction; among them there was an Italian gentleman, whoſe name was Agoſtini Fotari, who walked in his ſleep, and performed all the ordinary actions of life as well as when awake.

He did not appear to be above thirty years of age, very thin, dark complexion, melancholy appearance, of a ſolid, penetrating genius, capable of comprehending the moſt abſtract ſciences. The approach of his derangement was generally at the increaſe of the moon, and ſtronger during autumn and winter than ſpring or ſummer. I had a ſtrange curioſity to ſee what they ſaid of him. I communicated my wiſhes to his valet; he told me wonderful things, and promiſed to inform me when his maſter performed this pleaſant ſcene.

One evening, near the end of October, we ſat down after ſupper to play at cards. Signior Agoſtini was of the party, but ſoon retired to bed. About eleven o'clock, his valet came to inform us, that his maſter was inflicted, if we wiſhed to ſee him. I obſerved him ſome time with a candle in my hand; he was ſleeping on his back, and ſlept with his eyes open, but they were ſteadily fixed; this, according to the valet's account, was a certain ſign of approaching derangement. I felt his hands; they were very cold, and his pulſe ſo languid, that it ſeemed as if his blood did not circulate. Near about midnight, Signior Agoſtini violently pulled the curtains of his bed, he took his belt, which hung on the bed poſt, but from which his ſword had been taken for fear of an accident. Thus dreſſed, he made ſeveral turns round his chamber, then went towards the fire, and ſeated himſelf in an arm chair.

A ſhort time after this he went into a cloſet where his portmanteau was; this he ſearched a long time, turned every thing out, replaced them again in good order, and put the key in his pocket, from whence he took a letter, and placed it on the mantle-piece. He then went to the chamber door, opened it, and deſcended the ſtairs; when he got to the bottom, one of us jumped with great force; this ſeemed to frighten him, and he redoubled his pace.

His valet deſired us to walk ſlowly, and not to ſpeak, becauſe when the noiſe which is made mixes with his dream, he becomes furious, and runs very faſt, as though he were purſued.

Signior

Signior Agoſtini now traverſed the court-yard, which was very ſpacious, and went to the ſtable: he entered it, careſſed his horſe, bridled, and wanted to ſaddle it, but not finding the ſaddle in its uſual place, he appeared much diſturbed, like a perſon out of his ſenſes. He mounted his horſe, and galloped to the door of the houſe; it was ſhut. He diſmounted, took a ſtone, and ſtruck very forcibly againſt one of the pannels. After ſeveral uſeleſs efforts to open the door, he led his horſe towards a pond, which was on the other ſide of the court yard, let it drink, then led it to a poſt, and came back to the houſe in a tranquil ſtate.

To the noiſe which the ſervants made in the kitchen, he was very attentive, went towards the door, and placed his ear to the key-hole. On a ſudden he went to a parlour, where there was a billiard-table: there he ſtruck the balls, and put himſelf in all the different poſtures which people who play that game, find it neceſſary to aſſume ſometimes. From thence he went to an harpſicord, on which he played tolerably well, but it ſeemed to diſorder him very much. At laſt, after two hours exerciſe, he returned to his chamber, and threw himſelf, dreſſed as he was, upon the bed, where we found him at nine o'clock next morning in the poſture we left him.

In theſe paroxyſms he alway ſlept nine or ten hours. The valet informed us there were but two ways of rouſing him—one, to tickle the bottom of his feet; the other, to ſound a horn, or play a trumpet at his ears.

ANECDOTES *of the late* QUEEN *of* FRANCE.

By one who knew her intimately.

THE exquiſite feeling which pervaded the heart of the beautiful but unfortunate Marie Antoinette, was never more ſtrikingly exemplified than in her conduct reſpecting Sir Charles Aſgill: the letter which ſhe diſpatched to General Waſhington not only preſerved the life of this gallant officer, but immortalized the benign ſpirit which actuated the ſoul of his truly illuſtrious advocate. The Queen of France's reception of Lady Aſgill at Verſailles, when ſhe went to thank her Majeſty for the preſervation of a beloved ſon, was almoſt unexampled; ſhe raiſed the amiable mother in her arms, and mingled tears of genuine ſenſibility with thoſe of the nobleſt, the pureſt, maternal fondneſs.

In the year 1783, Mrs. Robinſon (the Engliſh poeteſs) being at Paris, was induced by curioſity to attend at one of the public dinners of Verſailles. The Queen, who was always ſingularly courteous to foreigners, honoured our country-woman with particular attention. Mrs. Robinſon was then recently ſeparated from an illuſtrious perſonage, whoſe portrait ſhe wore upon her boſom, richly ornamented with brilliants of conſiderable value.

She the following day, received a meſſage from the Queen of France; it was conveyed to her by the Duc de Lauzun, and contained a requeſt, that ſhe would lend the miniature, which ſhe had worn, to the Queen for a few hours. Mrs. Robinſon complied: and, in return for what the amiable Antoinette termed an act of obliging politeneſs, ſhe received a purſe beautifully worked by the hands of her Majeſty. Such acts of amiable condeſcenſion are ſtrikingly characteriſtic of the illuſtrious perſonage, whoſe laſt hours were devoted to unmerited calamities.

When the beautiful Antoinette was Dauphineſs of France, the inſolent and overbearing Du Barry was in the zenith of her power; power which ſhe exerciſed moſt unworthily on all thoſe who either oppoſed her pride, or condemned her rapacity.

Once ſhe ventured ſo far as to inſult the Dauphineſs with the moſt arrogant language; yet, when Antoinette was ſeated on the throne, Madame Du Barry was permitted quietly to enjoy her ſplendid fortune: and even till the period of the Revolution to reſide in the ſplendid palace of Lucienne!

A French Abbe, celebrated for his wit as much as for his political knowledge, was embarraſſed for the ſum of five hundred Louis d'ors. The Abbe was high-minded, and, being conſtantly at Verſailles, carefully avoided every thing that might lead to the diſcovery of his embarraſſment. The buſy drones, which buz about the ſphere of royal ſplendour, however whiſpered the ſecret to the Queen, who, on the ſame evening, at the Ducheſſe de Polignac's, engaged the Abbe in a party at tric-trac, her favourite game, in which ſhe contrived in a ſhort time to loſe the ſum which her partner wanted: Then, ſmilingly, ſhe roſe from the table, and relinquiſhed the game, while the aſtoniſhed Abbe was loſt in admiration.

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT *of the* SILK *of* CYPRUS.

IT is all prepared in the month of May, which is the time when it is procured from the cods of the ſilkworm. The method of breeding ſilkworms here is almoſt the ſame as that employed in Italy; but it is not ſubject in Cyprus to thoſe inconveniences which ariſe from the variations of the atmoſphere, the ſeaſon at that epoch being always beautiful and favourable. The quality of the ſilk depends on the places where it is collected. The fineſt and whiteſt is that procured in the environs of Tamaguſta and Carpaſſia. The orange and ſulphur coloured is made in Cythera, or the villages beyond the northern mountains; and that of a gold-yellow colour is produced in the territories of Paphos and the neighbouring country.

That principally eſteemed in Europe is the white ſilk, with which a little of the orange and ſulphur-coloured is ſometimes mixed; but in very ſmall quantities when it is tranſported to England, Holland, or France. Venice and Leghorn receive both without diſtinction; and though the white ſilk has the preference there, as well as every where elſe, the merchants of theſe places are not ſo difficult to pleaſe as thoſe beyond the mountains. The Turks purchaſe the greater part of the orange-coloured ſilk, for which they pay a piaſtre more, and ſend it to Cairo. The people there are remarkably fond of this colour; and the ſilk itſelf is capable of being ſpun into much finer and more delicate threads.

The iſland produces, one year with another, twenty-five thouſand bags of ſilk, each bag generally conſiſting of three hundred pounds. It is an eſtabliſhed cuſtom that the price ſhall be regulated in the market-place of Famaguſta, during the fair of St. Barnaby. Every year it was ſold, formerly, upon the ſame footing; but at preſent, though that fair ſtill continues, this cuſtom is diſuſed; and the price of ſilk varies according to circumſtances, and the demand for it.

A REFLECTION.

THE ſtudy of philoſophy, we mean not French philoſophy, has been attended with the moſt beneficial conſequences. A cloud of darkneſs and ignorance had long brooded over a benighted world, when the enlivening rays of philoſophy diſſipated the gloom.

Anſwer, by J. R. Toulmin, of Barnſtaple, to R. Thomas's Rebus, inſerted May 19.

BRITAIN is honour'd with a COWPER's name,
His works have gain'd him everlaſting fame.

† We have received the like anſwer from William Harris, jun. T. Whicker, and R. Thomas, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by T. Jarvis, of Malborough, to R. Withecombe's Charade, inſerted May 26.

EACH *Star* that gilds the ſable brow of night,
Shews forth th' Almighty's wiſdom, pow'r, and might;
Old ocean too with loud, expreſſive roar,
Reſounds his greatneſs e'en from ſhore to ſhore;
The *Ling*, with each obſequious being there,
Doth tacitly his wond'rous pow'r declare;
Thus, while the plumy STARLING comes to view,
We will adore and praiſe our Maker too.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from Philom. of Teingmouth; C. B. Weſt, near Taunton; R. Andrews, and John King, of Kingſbridge; Thomas Whicker, W. Harris, jun. P. A. Kavanagh, and W. Gregory, of Exeter; Walter Bickham, junior, of Aſhburton; John Staples, of Briſtol; G. England, of Uplyme; Edward Sherman, of Cornwood; R. Maffett, of Saltaſh; W. Maddick, of Rattery; N. Knott, of Taunton; and W. Rennels, of Barnſtaple.

A REBUS, *by G. England, of Uplyme.*

WHEN ſolemn funeral's dirge aſſaults the ear,
And ſable mantles ſhroud the weeping train,
My dark-ey'd firſt is known to force the tear,
And ſwell the feeling breaſt with heart-felt pain.

But if my next be baniſh'd from the mind,
Tho' death may ſnatch a brother's life away,
My firſt will ſurely no admittance find,
Nor o'er the wretch's harden'd breaſt will ſway.

Bound down beneath the cruel tyrant's chain,
Where radiant Sol his parching power diſplays,
The wretched exile lifts my next in vain,
In vain his piteous moans for mercy riſe.

Urg'd by my next he heaves the heart-ſunk ſigh,
Implores with melting tears a lapſe from pain;
And oft derang'd by mental ſorrows dies
Beneath the tyrant's laſh and iron chain.

Oh Britain! how can thou my next deſire?
Oh how can ſuch implore releaſe in vain?
I think, and lo! with grief the cauſe admire,
I ſhare their ſorrows whilſt ſuch thoughts remain.

But turn my muſe, hear at the neighb'ring door
My next ſolicited with melting eyes;
Yet ah! how oft the rich neglect the poor!
Alas how few will aid or ſympathize!

Salus! thou fair-one, in thy ruddy mien,
My ſeventh ſhines reſplendant as the day;
Happy are thoſe who in thy arms recline,
On whom fair Carna doth her ſmiles diſplay.

My next, when evening ſpreads her ſable ſhade,
Or midnight hours preſent a blacker mien,
Has oft been ſeen to wander o'er the glade,
Where once the maid by treachery was ſlain.

Long was my true eſſential next invok'd;
Long did our anceſtors in vain contend,
Till with repeated ſtrains the fetters broke,
And all their maſſy bars were forc'd to bend.

When crimſon Enyo waves her ſpear around,
And bids the ſturdy youth his valour ſhow,
My brazen next with loud, ſonorous ſound
Calls forth the warrior to engage his foe.

While gay Vertumnus decks fair nature's face,
And ſmiling Flora paints the vernal plain,
My laſt to labour ſeldom e'er doth ceaſe
But ſpends the days in honeſt induſtry.

Join theſe initials now, ye ſapient few,
On whom the muſes e'er were known to ſmile,
My ancient whole will then appear in view,
Which long has prov'd an honour to our iſle.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The CASTLE *of* ATLANTON.

Written by ELIAS DUNSTERVILLE, *of Plymouth.*

HARD by Peru, the humble ſeat
Of many a Spaniſh Don,
As we are told, hard by there ſtood
The caſtle of Atlanton.

A wood was near this antient pile,
Where many a cheſnut ſtood;
And where the wand'ring woodman oft
Hath many a cheſnut hew'd.

In ancient ſtile the ſeat was built,
To ſuit a wealthy Knight,
Who in his country's cauſe has felt,
And gloried in the fight.

To Oſman once it did belong,
A Knight excell'd by few;
So great was he as to be held,
The hero of Peru.

His virtues o'er the land were ſpread,
All hail'd with joy his name;
His purſe was open to the poor,
Who bleſs'd his noble fame.

A ſon he had, a ſon indeed!
Whoſe glory ſhone ſo bright,
That for his valour he was made
Of Spain a valiant Knight.

He lov'd a nymph, who near him dwelt,
Her father was a Don,
All cried aloud, ſhe well becomes
The heir of Atlanton.

So long they dwelt in mutual love,
Their parents fix'd the day;
The peaſants to the altar near,
With daiſies ſtrew'd the way.

Delight in all was painted ſtrong,
The chariot was prepar'd;
The happy couple by the throng
To mount the chariot dar'd.

The charioteer his ſkill diſplays,
The reſtive horſes flew;
The peaſants, dreſs'd in garlands ſweet,
Were beautiful to view.

But

But ah! quick gath'ring clouds came on,
And ſhow'd a horrid form;
The pealing thunders from above
Threaten'd a boiſterous ſtorm.

A vivid flaſh of light'ning blue,
Play'd o'er the horſes' ſight;
Who thus diſmay'd with fear and haſte,
Plung'd on with all their might.

To ſtop their fury was in vain,
Still rapidly they ran;
In vain it was, for they excell'd
The force of mortal man.

A precipice was very nigh,
Which no one there did know:
But, Oh! 'tis horrid to relate,
They quickly fell below.

Their fathers died with ſudden ſhock,
To ruins fell the pile;
Nor ever ſince was gladneſs felt,
Or mirth, or wealth, or ſmile.

And all the peaſants who around
This manſion ever view,
They drop a tear, and loudly all
To ſplendour bid adieu!

RECOVERY.

An ODE *from* KLOPSTOCK.

RECOVERY! daughter of creation too,
Tho' not for immortality deſign'd,
The Lord of Life and Death
Sent thee from Heaven to me.
Had not I heard thy gentle tread approach.
Not heard the whiſper of thy welcome voice,
Death had with iron foot
My chilly forehead preſs'd.
'Tis true, I then had wander'd where the earths
Roll around ſuns, had ſtray'd along the path
Where the man'd comet ſoars
Beyond the armed eye;
And with the rapturous eager greet had hail'd
The inmates of thoſe earths and of thoſe ſuns;
Had hail'd the countleſs hoſt
That dwell the comet's diſk;
Had aſk'd the novice queſtions, and obtain'd
Such anſwers as a ſage vouchſafes to youth;
Had learn'd in hours far more
Than ages here unfold!
But I had then not ended here below,
What, in the enterpriſing bloom of life,
Fate with no light beheſt
Requir'd me to begin.
Recovery! daughter of creation too,
Tho' not for immortality deſign'd,
The Lord of Life and Death
Sent thee from Heaven to me.